

Horticultural.

THE UTILITY OF HIGHWAY TREE PLANTING.

A paper read at the summer meeting of the State Horticultural Society at Benton Harbor, by Henry D. Reynolds, of Old Mission.

Not the least valuable among the labors of the Legislature during the session just drawing to its close, is a modification of our highway laws, which will within a few years go far toward making every country road throughout the State, a delight to the eyes, a pleasure to the weary traveler, a source of pride to every citizen. Truly a large promise, but it seems to me fully warranted. This modification of the laws is of two parts, by the first of which our former law relative to cattle at large, has been annulled by special action of the Board of Supervisors, instead of being as heretofore operative by such Board. Henceforth our lands are to be condemned for public use only as common highways, not as common pig yard or cattle pen, unless we locally decide to make them such. This measure, by which our highway will be cleared of all animals not under control, prepares the way for the second step, viz., the gradual planting on each side of every highway a row of trees, to be from eight to ten feet from the fence, and, as near as may be, sixty feet from tree to tree. This will, within a score of years, line every public road in the State with handsome trees, and make Michigan well worth traveling far to see.

There was some opposition to the passage of this law, based upon the idea that large trees along the roadside exerted an unfavorable influence upon the road bed by preventing the drying effect of sun and wind, and thus keeping the road muddy and ensuring deep ruts. If such were to be the result of the law, it certainly was a blunder; and as pictures of mud and deep ruts rise before the imagination, it is true that with them are generally associated the deep shade of the forest. Is this then what we are coming to? No, emphatically not. Who of us in this part of the State cannot call to mind long stretches of road buried in the deepest forest, where the track is always good? Between Lansing and Owosso, a distance of about 25 miles, the only uniformly good stretch of road is a distance of two miles through dense forest. On the light soils of a large part of our State, nothing assists more to keep the track in good condition than moisture, and on all such there is no danger from too heavy roadside planting.

But how about our heavier soils? On them certainly, the clearing away of the forests improves the tract by making it dryer. But, proving that a forest is bad, no more proves a single line of trees to be so, than the drowning of a man in the ocean proves that a foot bath is dangerous. Let us reflect a little on the process of drying or evaporation; this is an absorption by the air of the moisture contained in those substances with which it comes in contact, and its rapidity varies according to the degree of saturation of this air. Without wind this soon reaches a point that produces equilibrium and so checks evaporation entirely, except as upper strata may gradually absorb part of the moisture of the lower.

A wind however soon changes all this, and by commingling the different strata of air, constantly brings new portions of unsaturated air into contact with the moist surface, and so dries it much more rapidly than still air can. It is an error to say that the sun "drinks up water," except through heating the air and thereby increasing its capacity for holding the vapor of water, it does not help at all in the process of evaporation. It is the air that is thus made thirsty by the action of the sun, and it is the air which drinks up the water from the surface of the earth or of the ocean. Thus we see that it is of comparatively little moment whether or not we shade our road bed, if we do not at the same time shut off the winds from blowing upon it. In no degree of our doing this to an injurious degree if we take care to trim so as to have no branches within eight or ten feet of the ground. Such trees, standing 60 feet apart, will serve to modify the violence of heavy winds, but they will produce none of the effects of a dense thicket, which, by shutting off all wind, almost prevents evaporation, and so keeps the ground beneath it moist at all times. Many muddy roads are incessantly so, because nothing has been done toward shaping them so as to shed water from their surface. A road on heavy soil, to be good at all times, should be rounded off from the sides toward the center with a good open ditch at the sides. Where this has been thoroughly done there will be very little cause to complain of the effect of roadside tree planting. No farmer need be reminded of the influence of isolated trees in his fields, which is rather to dry up than to keep moist the soil about them, and by thus drying out to stunt the growth of smaller vegetation near them.

The practice of perfect road-making is wholly unknown in this country as compared with England, Germany, France and Switzerland, and yet in those countries nothing is more common than to see long lines of trees on each side of roads, the surface of which is as smooth and free from ruts or standing water as a parlor floor.

Profitable Growing of Quinces.

W. J. Fowler, in the *Rural New Yorker*, writes to that paper as follows:

"Having just received returns from a small plantation of quinces, I am satisfied that no portion of my land, whether in grain or other fruit crops, pays so well, either for the land occupied or the time and money expended. I have comparatively few trees in full bearing, but from those which fully occupied the ground I sold fruit at the rate of fully \$500 per acre, and this, too, though quinces have, in the past, sold lower, proportionately than any other fruit. I am satisfied that this is not likely to happen again, and that the price of quinces, profitable as quince growing proves in the right localities and properly conducted, is likely to rule high

for years to come. The quince is a more difficult fruit to grow than the pear, despite the blight which affects the latter. There are large areas where pears thrive well where the quince entirely fails. The last winter killed or rendered nearly worthless thousands of trees in this section. The drought also seriously affected many young orchards, causing the leaves to fall long before frost, and the few specimens that the trees bore were in consequence small and poor. It will be impossible for such trees to mature buds for next year's fruiting, so that whatever the season the crop is sure to be a small one.

"My success with quinces I attribute to the accident that most of my trees and all those now in bearing were set in low, mucky ground, and with such shelter that their own fallen leaves and those of an adjoining apple orchard made a good annual mulch. The trouble in growing quinces has been lack of hardness in our severe winters. It is not the trunk and top that are tender, but the root. I have always noticed that trees in exposed situations were killed in years when the frost penetrated deeply. In a mucky, rather wet soil covered with a mulch of leaves, the frost has rarely penetrated to the roots of my older quince trees. Since I have learned this requirement of the quince I have taken some pains to gather leaves and put them under my quince trees, doing this easily, as they are on the bank of a small brook, which is full of leaves every fall. This winter I shall add a little well-rotted stable manure, as there is no crop to which I can apply it where it will do more good. I am not afraid of making the soil too rich for quinces, as the heavier manuring I give, within reasonable limits, the larger and fairer will be the fruit. I am not sure that a vigorous growth will not also prevent to some extent the evils of twig blight and the red rust on the fruit, which was less prevalent on my trees the past summer than on many that I have seen.

"Another help to success is a liberal application of salt every spring, and occasionally during the growing season. It is not good policy to empty brine from old pork barrels under the quince tree. Too much is liable to be thus given, and the tree may be killed. The salt is not a manure for the tree, but valuable mainly in keeping the soil cool and moist. About one quart to a tree, sown as far around, at least, as the branches extend, is sufficient at one time. The salt also has an effect in making the fertility of the soil more available. The mulch should be kept up all summer, and occasionally renewed to keep out grass and weeds. Salt will help this result, and will also hasten the decomposition of the mulch into fine manure. No cultivation is needed or should be allowed save with the hoe, and that on the surface, lest the roots be injured. Plowing among quince trees, breaking the tender roots and leaving the soil harder than before, is a frequent cause of failure. Mulching and salt will keep the soil in just the right condition."

Club Foot in Cabbage.

A correspondent of the *German Town Telegraph* describes this disease and tells how he manages it as follows:

"This is a disease which affects the root of the cabbage, causing large white blanches to grow on the root, and turning the nourishment that should go to form a head into the roots, to the destruction of a well-formed head, and sometimes to its total loss. My experience is that hog manure when cabbage is planted the second year on the same land, or when cabbage follows turnips. Newly-turned turf, heavily manured, and the soil had been thoroughly mastered the soil and had acquired by propagation and trial, fruit trees that were adapted to the peculiarities of the climate. We of the West have yet to solve the problem of our soil and climate; foreign varieties of fruits failing to grow here, we must have others of our own to compete with them, among 3,000 grafted winter varieties, strictly first-class in tree and fruit, at home in the West. Grafting is a good thing, but too much of it is bad. We must seek our hardy fruit trees in seedlings; we must propagate our own ironclad orchards, by taking the best and most congenial fruits of other lands and planting the seed. We want trees that will endure 60° below zero without harm. Siberia and Russia and other northern climates furnish such ironclad fruits. In our own northern orchards there must be some trees which have withstood successfully the severest winters. They must be found out and their seed used to propagate an ironclad race. The soil of the West contains all the elements needed for the most successful fruit culture. It only wants maturing. Top grafting the trees that give the poorest fruit will give the best results much sooner than grafting foreign nursery stock; if nursery stock is used, let it be domestic, local.

The Vine Louse and its Cure.

Several years ago a prize of 300,000 francs was instituted to encourage investigations as to the best remedy against the Phylloxera. Much ingenuity was wasted, many absurd remedies proposed, and it is curious to note the substances which were lauded by the inventors. They were for the most part the same, mixed in different proportions—tars, sulphur, lime, soap, urine, phenic acid, and salts of copper or iron. Patient research and scientific study have alone produced certain results; these results, however, were not accepted and acknowledged without difficulty. Objections were accumulated, and many instances of partial failure were brought together, all with and inertia playing an important part in the business. Local influences, political opinions, and other extraordinary considerations, one after another, opposed or favored the results which were gained. At present the question has once for all entered upon a better path, the charlatans and pretended vine doctors having entirely lost their credit. We are in possession of four modes of treatment which are really efficacious, though they vary in their effects in different cases.

The various conditions of application, and the entirely different principles which the application follows, explain the diver-

gence of opinions and methods. The scientific remedy is given. Practice will decide which of the four methods is at the same time most efficacious and most economical. This happy result must mainly be attributed to the Commission of the Academy of Sciences, which was presided over by M. Dumas, who was the very soul of it. This Commission sent "delegates," who severally studied special clearly defined questions, like officers sent by a general to make a reconnaissance in a country. We must also notice particularly the viticultural station at Cognac, which was established by private subscription, after the English manner—a thing of rare occurrence in France.

It was there that the general experiments as to "insecticides" were made, in accordance with the simple method proposed by M. Cornu, director of the viticultural station, in order to determine definitely what substances are powerless. Toward the end of the first year they began to distinguish clearly the small group of substances which alone should be utilized. Amongst them was carbon disulphide, which had been indicated by Baron Thenard, abandoned, and then eagerly resumed by the enthusiastic M. Monestier, and at last rejected in a general manner in the end of 1873 and during 1874.

The carbon disulphide by itself appearing too dangerous to human life, M. Dumas happily started the idea of using it in combination with sulphide of potassium, forming the sulpho-carbonate of potassium, and an energetic manure. Under the happy influence of the Minister of Agriculture, the vine-growers were grouped into "vigilance committees" for watching, and "syndicates" for treating the vines. Thus the indifference of some and the unreasonable excitement of others were followed by energetic preparation for the struggle. At the end of 1875 there were sixty committees, instituted in fifty-six departments, and now there are 231, embracing sixty-one departments. Some of them have obtained decidedly successful results, and thus furnished a powerful incentive for the others to persevere. The expense of the applications is still considerable, but in any case the most valuable vines are now out of danger. The more common vines will at first cost a good deal, but we are confident that scientific skill will supply sulphide of carbon, either free or in combination, at a cheaper rate, and that practical experience will render its application more easy and less expensive. France will thus continue to produce her wines, and have the pleasure of offering them to her friends and neighbors. This, though apparently a mere wish, is an actual statement of fact. —*Max. Cornu, in "Nature."*

Horticulture in Minnesota.

The Minnesota State Horticultural Society recently convened at Minneapolis, and from the report of the Minneapolis Tribune we take the following brief resume of the horticultural wants of the great Northwest, by the well known pomologist, F. X. Phoenix, of Delevan, Wis.

"How shall we get first class market apples for and from the West? Now, the prejudice is in favor of Eastern apples, and we have nothing of our own that can compete with them. Every new country has had the same experience with fruit, until its people had thoroughly mastered the soil and had acquired by propagation and trial, fruit trees that were adapted to the peculiarities of the climate. We of the West have yet to solve the problem of our soil and climate; foreign varieties of fruits failing to grow here, we must have others of our own to compete with them, among 3,000 grafted winter varieties, strictly first-class in tree and fruit, at home in the West. Grafting is a good thing, but too much of it is bad. We must seek our hardy fruit trees in seedlings; we must propagate our own ironclad orchards, by taking the best and most congenial fruits of other lands and planting the seed. We want trees that will endure 60° below zero without harm. Siberia and Russia and other northern climates furnish such ironclad fruits. In our own northern orchards there must be some trees which have withstood successfully the severest winters. They must be found out and their seed used to propagate an ironclad race. The soil of the West contains all the elements needed for the most successful fruit culture. It only wants maturing. Top grafting the trees that give the poorest fruit will give the best results much sooner than grafting foreign nursery stock; if nursery stock is used, let it be domestic, local.

Ironclad apple seed can be planted as far north as our native crab apple grows.

Any good tree, corn or garden soil will do. Trees rarely love ashes, leached or unleached, and straw and leaf mulch is good. Plant the nursery in a well protected corner. The orchard is generally best on high, gentle, dry slopes; any other than southern and southwestern is preferable. Be sure to get ironclad winter apple seed, either from the northern United States, Canada, or Europe or Asia. Get seed from fresh, vigorous, well tested trees, that hold fruit well through the season, that bear fruit of fine flavor, brilliant red color, good size. For all these experiments every State should have a splendid agricultural and horticultural college. Sow seed early, as soon as ground will do to work. Weed and hoe the sprouts thoroughly. Seedlings winter well in moist dirt in cool water-proof cellars. Set them out early in the spring with eight inch roots, in rows four feet apart and eight inches in the row. Seedlings can be wintered in the row by putting eight inches of dirt over them and covering with mulch. The second year protect the bodies and tops thoroughly from snow and cold winds. In handling trees, never expose the roots to the sun, air or frost. Finally, all through the northwest, sow ironclad hardy apple seed, pear seed, plum seed, cherry seed, grape seed; above all things, sow seed. Whoever brings into bearing an ironclad fruit seedling, is so far a public benefactor."

Horticultural Notes.

AN Iowa nurseryman writes to the *Prairie Farmer* that he received by express a package of choice plants from Ohio which were, as usual, packed in wet moss. Owing to neglect at the express office, the package was left in an open shed, and when received, during a sudden change of temperature, was found frozen solid. The recipient dug a pit and buried them as they were, and in the spring when the ground was fit for planting, found every one alive and in good order, and not a plant failed to grow.

HENRY STEWART, a well-known agricultural writer, has noticed that the lice found on the Wild Goose, Langsdon and Newman plums, are brown in color instead of being green, as on other varieties, and wishes some entomologist to tell him whether the difference is caused by the quality and character of the foliage and sap. Mr. Stewart commends the Wild Goose, not so much for the quality of its fruit as for its production, and says that a variety which will produce fruit of even a second rate quality in spite of lice and curculio, without costing more than it is worth in labor to fight these pests, is a desirable acquisition to a family garden.

A KANSAS canning factory put up, about 70,000 cans of sweet potatoes, a branch of the canning industry which is quite new. The potatoes are first washed, then put into large wire baskets of the capacity of two to three bushels, then steamed or boiled in a large cauldron of boiling water until thoroughly cooked, after which they are poured out on long tables and pared by scores of women, girls and boys, who are paid from five to eight cents an hour for their work. After being neatly pared, they are thrown into large tubs, and pounded with a common maul, until they are thoroughly mashed, when they are ready for canning, which is done the same as other fruits.

Apianian.

Comb vs. Extracted Honey for Market.

James Heddon, of Dowagiac, a correspondent of the *American Bee Journal*, says: "The question is frequently asked, 'which class of honey production pays best—comb or extracted?' In reply, one writer argues in favor of comb, and another in favor of extracted honey. Each produces some arguments that are valid, and makes us wish we were devoted exclusively to his choice.

"Answering that question, from a standpoint of the present, I would say that the difference in the nature of the production and present market value of each class, is so slight, that greater reasons for choice lie in the adaptability of your climate, flora, market, and your natural choice in the different styles of labor connected with them. Owing to the successful employment of our best comb foundation, I think that I prefer comb honey production.

"From the length of time that I have been engaged in the business, and the amount of shipping and jobbing of honey I have done, I am continually receiving orders from abroad, and some of these are for extracted honey. To hold this trade, it is really necessary to keep an assortment of styles on hand. But I am not going to mix the two classes of production together in one apiary. I see little good, and a great deal of damage, in such a course. The extractor (a thing no man should be without), used in the comb honey apiary, will be used only in a case of emergency, as a mechanical necessity, and to empty the partly filled sections in the fall.

"If all my honey crop was to be sold at wholesale, I should choose which class I would produce, and become a specialist in that class, were I running a dozen apiaries.

"Comparing the profits of the two classes of production, in the near future, I have no reasons for any choice, in the probable prices. Both will be leveled to the cost of production with our necessary margin added, if such is not already the case. For the production of extracted honey, as for both kinds, I should start in an unoccupied field, or not at all. I should try to form some sort of an estimate of the amount of nectar annually secreted on an average, within my area of say six miles diameter. Next, of about how many colonies working in this field would give me the most surplus honey.

"Both of the above problems are very knotty, and there is no doubt but that less has been learned, for the amount that has been said about them, than about any and all others, the wintering problem thrown in. All I can say is, notice that nearly all the large percentages of increase and surplus that are reported are from small numbers of colonies. We often see 'from 10 to 70 colonies and 1,300 lbs. of surplus and how I did it,' but we never see from 100 to 700 colonies and 12,000 lbs. of surplus, unless it ends with, 'how I didn't do it.' The one who looks over the field must form the conclusion as to keep, for the best number of colonies to the best results, and then 'cut and try' till he is satisfied.

"Lay out a yard large enough to hold the maximum number of colonies you expect over to keep in that locality, and put a tight board fence around it, six or eight feet high, and if in an exposed position to thieves or meddlesome boys, run two strands of sharp barbed wire all around over the fence, about eight inches above the fence, and the upper one 10 inches above the lower one. Make at least four gates, and one capacious building on the side of the apiary. This will give you a cool front, and you can see the bees fly, when swarming or otherwise, plainer against the northern sky. Have a well closed to this building, and keep two extra pairs and a Whitman fountain pump always in readiness, for any straggling swarms that come along, or any of yours that might attempt to abscond. The pump is *par excellence* to keep two swarms from mixing that might come out together. With this pump, we one year caught two swarms that came along, but no other device could have arrested, besides stopping four of our own that attempted to leave us—all that tried to go that season.

"Have the floor of your building of dressed lumber, if you can afford it, matched, of hard wood, at least under, around

and about your extractor. Have that extractor fastened solid to the floor, and to the wall at one side. I much prefer the overhead motion of turning, and like the Excelsior the best of any machine I have ever seen on the market. Have a broad shelf, about three feet high, handy to the extractor, and a drip pan for cappings.

"Many other details might be mentioned, but I will pass on to the hive for extracted honey. I know the hive question is one about which there is much prejudice, so I will 'touch lightly' and simply give you my preferences. I would use the same hive (and have used it for taking honey in the extracted form) that I do for comb honey, viz: the 8 frame Langstroth. I have tried the 10-frame extensively for extracted as well as comb honey, as I have also the one-story hive, and while I am aware that there are some strong points in favor of the one-story, yet there is, I think, more in favor of the 8-frame Langstroth hive. With the upper story for combs of the same size out of which to take all of the honey that we extract, it will be found unnecessary to go down into the brood-chamber, or hive proper, for surplus, if the arrangement is right. I have discarded metal rabbets for the hive, but for the super out of which we extract, I always use them, in conjunction with flat, wood top-bars, but never metal corners."

PILES! PILES! PILES!

A Sure Cure Found at Last!

No One Need Suffer.

A sure Cure for Blind Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. William (an Indian remedy), called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electrics do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, particularly at night after getting warm in bed, acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry, of Cleveland, says about Dr. William's Indian Ointment. I have used scores of Pile Cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. William's Indian Ointment.

For sale by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price, \$1.00. Farnard, Williams & Co., Wholesale Agents, Detroit, Mich.

HENRY BROS., Props.,

Vesey Street, NEW YORK CITY.

FOR ANY ONE OF THE

Choice Collections of Books, 60

Cent. Catalogue, 10 Cents.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

It is manifest that from GOOD SEEDS ONLY can Good Vegetables be obtained. The character of LANDRETH'S SEEDS has been substantiated by the fact that they are the STANDARD for Quality. Over 1500 Acres of Garden Seed Crop, under our own cultivation. Ask your stockholder for them in horizontal seed packages, or drop us a postal card for prices and Catalogue. Wholesale trade prices to dealers on application. 21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Philadelphia.

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, 21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Philadelphia.

THE GREAT LITTLE GIANT

FRENCH BATTERY

RHEUMATISM

AND ALL

NERVOUS COMPLAINTS.

Complete Relief on Receipt of Cheapest and

Best in Existence. Send for free Circular and

Testimonials to

WEAVER & CO.,

165 W. FIFTH STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

WONDERFUL

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BRUSH.

Complete Relief on Receipt of Cheapest and

Best in Existence. Send for free Circular and

Testimonials to

WEAVER & CO.,

165 W. FIFTH STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

WONDERFUL

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BRUSH.

Complete Relief on Receipt of Cheapest and

Best in Existence. Send for free Circular and

Testimonials to

WEAVER & CO.,

165 W. FIFTH STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

WONDERFUL

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BRUSH.

Complete Relief on Receipt of Cheapest and

Best in Existence. Send for free Circular and

Testimonials to

WEAVER & CO.,

165 W. FIFTH STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Poetry.

For the Michigan Farmer.

TOO MUCH OF A DANDY.

MRS. A. L. LANGLEY.

When Adam in Eden employment first found,
While working his muscles to harden;
I wonder if ever he sauntered around,
Declaring it hard work to garden?
Or explained, while he toiled mid the flowers and
Fruit,
With his primitive tools, most unhandy,
That the Father his earth-child much better would
suit.

Would he let him be more of a dandy.
To-day he has sons scattered all through the land,
Who look with disgust upon labor;
Who would much rather toy with a fine lady's fan,
And help her to slander a neighbor.

Aiken muscade, edged as black as the night,
Gears, with his lacy or lace, the night,
Will sit the small brain with the keenest delight,
Of this fine lady-killing young dandy.

Tell me not the jolliest thing to be sure,
But 'tis better than idle repining;
One might better be working these evils to cure,
Than at his hard lot to sit whining.

Is quite ready to own there are some things in life
More pleasant than plowing and sowing;
There's many a man works for love of his wife,
Who would rather be reading than hoeing.

But duty is duty, yet many will shrink;
Yet checkily dare to deny it;
Though planning is nicer than doing the work,
No finished results 'er come by it.

The man who will sit in saloons at his ease,
Smoke, swear and drink let and brandy,
May strut down the street dressed as fine as you
please;

But he's only a poor worthless dandy.
Too much of a dandy, wherever he goes.
To be careful for by any true woman;
His hair-covered face and his finited clothes,
Mark him mixture of monkey and human.

Has no use for his muscle but ambling around,
To show off his fine, stylish paces;
For intellect vainly his brain you would sound,
For selfishness fills all its spaces.

Too much of a dandy to have any heart,
To be a true friend, son or brother;
In useful employment they'd ever borne a part,
He'd be even more of his mother.

Quite worthless himself, he still looks down in
scorn
On all of earth's workers so handy;
But when the Lord comes on the great judgment
morn,

Will he find any use for a dandy?
GOD BLESS THE SHIPS.
This the crossed bracken boughs,
Green, brown and golden;
Between the frowning brows
Of two cliffs, bolden
In Nature's picture frame
Where the land dips
Across the sunset flame
Salt the good ships!

Outward or homeward bound,
Free or deep-laden;
Like ghosts without a sound
When the West's faded,
Cleaving the moonlight track
Where the white stripes
Bare the dark waters back—
God save the ships!

Sad eyes are straining
To catch the sails' flutter;
Salt tears are raining
What voice dare net utter.
Bound far to distant lands,
As the rope slips,
Bent heads and clasping hands
Pray for the ships

Home, with the evening tide,
Colors flow blowing,
Quick by foot or decried,
Coming or going;
Still as they cross our sight
Wakes to our lips,
One prayer by day or night,
"God bless the ships!"

—The Argosy.

Miscellaneous.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

We Wynyards are a large family. At Christmas, when we are all at home with our various husbands, wives, and babies, even the rambling old Grange is filled to overflowing, and I observe our dear father looking at us occasionally—when we happen, say, to be collected in one room—with an expression of benevolent and not make much difference as to the noise. Poor little thing! What do you say, girls? We must not be selfish. Mother what do you say?

Of course mother went and wrote directly to Mab, telling her that she might bring her friend, and at the same time sent a formal letter to Miss Parsons, writing Miss Beale to spend the holidays with us.

As for Anna and myself, we agreed that father was right, and that one more child would not make much difference. Eva Dennis always agreed to everything, and found all things pleasant. Tom was indifferent; he appeared to think that as Eva was in the house, it mattered very little who was out of it. Gilbert, our father's right hand—"deputy-governor" we called him—was inclined to grumble a little for mother's sake and for his own dignity.

Miss Parsons answered mother's letter by return of post. Miss Beale accepted our kind invitation with pleasure; and Miss Parsons was delighted to get rid of her, and thanked us for our kindness to the lonely child.

She tells us nothing at all about Miss Beale. "I suppose, however, she would hardly be Mab's dearest friend if she was younger than thirteen or fourteen. She will not mind sharing Mab's room, Anna, I dare

say. Arrange it so, dear—at least, till we see her."

Anna and I kept house each a month by turns; it made a change, as Gilbert remarked, since we did not perpetrate the same blunders. After punctual dinners in Anna's reign, it was a relief to encounter an unpunctual good one in mine. Anna economized over the housekeeping so carefully that she always had some of her money to hand back to mother in triumph; but, unfortunately, I spent too much, and Anna's savings were invariably needed to "make up" my last week—to her great disgust.

But mother's patience was everlasting. This Christmas was on Anna's shoulders, and so mother handed over the arrangements for our visitor to her.

The Grange, our beloved home, was a large old-fashioned rambling place, half farmhouse and half hall. The Wynyards had built it, and lived in it for seven generations, eldest son succeeding eldest son with perfect regularity. There had always been large families, and cousins many times removed, and in all sorts of social positions, who had clustered over our own and the neighboring counties. It was my father's happy boast that the farm had neither increased nor decreased by one acre in all those years of possession, and that none of the Wynyards, men or women, had disgraced themselves, or been connected, ever so remotely, with the disgrace of others. He would sometimes, upon solemn occasions remind us that any failure on our parts to do our duty would be doubly disgraceful, since we inherited from this line of honest men and women strong and healthy bodies, brains and minds biased by long association, towards the right; and he would say to us elder ones that, when the time came for us to choose husbands and wives for ourselves, we should bear this in mind, so as to hand down to future generations the blessing we ourselves had received.

Christmas Day fell on Friday that year, and Mab and her friend and Elly were to arrive on that previous Monday. The three schoolboys, Lenny, Lion—twins—and Walter came down on Saturday in uproarious spirits. Not even their love for mischief could check their noise. Never had they been so boisterous. Luckily she seemed just then to take a turn for the better, perhaps in consequence of the delight of seeing her "chicks" again, all so well and strong and happy.

On Monday morning Gilbert started off alone in his wagonette to fetch the girls. We were waiting in the front sitting-room off the hall when he drove up with Elly and the luggage—but no Mab, and no Miss Beale.

"Where are Mab and the little girl?" inquired Anna, astonished, when we had fully hugged long-legged children and old Elly. "The little girl" echoed Elly, with round eyes. "Why, Bessie Beale is—"

"Shut up!" said Gilbert. Let them see for themselves.

And in a few moments we saw, walking up the drive on Mab's arm, a tall young lady, evidently over twenty, dressed in robin-redbreast coat, brown and crimson. The dress was richest velvet and fur, and the crimson, satin. She wore a lovely velvet hat, with a halo of crimson lining; round her neck was a thick gold chain. Her face was marvellously pretty, with lovely peach-like cheeks and red lips and sparkling hazel eyes. We did not see the waves of glossy nut-brown hair till afterwards, but they were there.

We were a little confounded. I shrank back; but Anna, who has our mother's heart, stepped forward and kissed our visitor warmly. Then all we followed suit; and then Mab, who had been waiting and congratulated on her growth. When I again looked at Miss Beale, she was laughing and chatting, the centre of the group, perfectly at home. It was impossible to feel ill at ease with her. We all began to call her "Bessie" directly; she was the kind of person whom it is impossible to address as "Miss."

Of course Tom and Gilbert did so; but even they called her "Miss Bessie," and not "Miss Beale."

After a few minutes she went off with Anna to our mother's room; and while she was away we passed with acclamation a favorable verdict on the new arrival.

Presently Mab and Elly came down from their visit to mother. We began eagerly to question them.

"Who is she, Mab?" said Gilbert. "Who?" said Mab, in naive astonishment. "What do you mean? Oh, you mean who is her father? I told you she was dead; she hasn't one. I wish she had no people at all!"

"But she must be something when he was dead," persisted Gilbert. "He has been dead a long while. Bessie doesn't remember him."

"She isn't at school surely?" I said. "She must be twenty at least."

"Of course not, Laura. How stupid you are!" said Mab, indignant. "She lives with Miss Parsons because she has no home. She has a guardian, though."

"Why doesn't she stay with him?" asked Lenny.

Just then it struck me that all this talk about a visitor was not in very good taste. It would be better to wait till she told us about herself. Gilbert agreed with me, and we succeeded in silencing the others.

Our dinner-hour at the Grange was six o'clock, summer and winter, and a very odd one it seemed to strangers. But father liked late hours, and he and Gilbert had finished their day's tramping about the farm, and should be able to take the pleasant meal in peace, with a sense of duty done and a promise of books and music to brighten the evening. And we children liked the engagement, because in winter it left us the long cheerful evenings to amuse ourselves in. We sang and acted and scribbled and drew and read in the large front parlor, which was our especial domain, and which opened into the one behind, where father and mother sat, and into which we made continual raids. Gilbert usually sat with our parents; but from the day of Bessie's arrival he favored us much more—it is not too much to say that he remained with us altogether. And no wonder! Bessie was so bright, so pretty, so amusing. She used to make fun of Gilbert a little to his face; and he really seemed to like it, for he would come back for more even when he had already walked off with his air of insulted dignity.

Of course we could not treat Bessie as we had treated our other visitors. Count Bessie Beale, we called her. Yes, a little, she said, with her usual mischievous sparkle. So when, on Monday, father came in, having examined the day, and gave us permission to begin, we were delighted, and hurried off to Eva, every one of us except baby Sylvia. We were ordered that we were to be merry; and, when we reached our dearest room, we found some of our neighbors already there, who instantly surrounded us. Somebody took possession of me and put on my skates; we had difficulty with the straps, and it was ten minutes before I was ready. When at last I started off hand in hand with Charlie Spurrier, I looked round for our visitors, to make sure that they were enjoying themselves and being taken care of. There were Tom and Eva, there Anna and John Dupre; yes, and there was Bessie—but not with Gilbert. Bessie and a certain Harry Cox, whom I detested, but who was the best skater in the neighborhood, were performing wondrous and exciting general admiration.

But where was poor dear Gilbert? I skated slowly round the pond, and at last found him with his hands in his pockets and his skates dangling from his arm, scowling angrily at nothing in particular.

"Come on, Gilbert!" I called. He did not answer. I skated round to him again. "Gibbie, do come on—you will be frozen!" "I'm going home," said he. "That foot of a fellow makes me ill!" And he scowled at the back of Harry Cox, and then walked off.

I passed Bessie the next moment. She looked radiant; her cheeks were like roses, and her eyes brilliant, sparkling with mischief. "Gibbie is gone," I said, feeling vexed with her.

"I know," she said, with a laugh and flash of her hazel eyes.

Gibbie kept in the other room that evening, and did not favor us with a visit, though we acted a charade he had helped to compose.

"Bessie," I said, in her room that evening, "I think you don't like my brother Gibbie."

"Oh, yes, I do! I like him very much. But I think—I shall not mind."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit spoiled. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

will be to arrange any pleasure he could for me. But he never asked me to go to his home, and never brought any of his children to see me. Do you not think it is very odd? I have hinted as much to him sometimes, but he would not understand."

I agreed that it was very odd; and, remembering my dear father's opinions about marriage, I began to feel more troubled still.

"Why have you never said anything about it before?" I asked.

"In surprise. 'It is disagreeable; and I do not like to be pitted by strangers.' 'Were your father and Mr. Drevitt friends?'"

"Yes; and that is why I and my money were left to Mr. Drevitt's care. But I know nothing about his parents. Mr. Drevitt always refused to tell me about them. They died when I was very young, and I do not remember them."

We kissed each other and said good night. Bessie's brightness was a little subdued, but she seemed to be in good spirits. I could not shake off all I had possessed her too. We came down very late. Only Gilbert had got up as usual and gone out on the farm. He came home an hour earlier than usual, and went straight to father's study. He always did this on the days when father did not go out, in order to report progress and ask advice if he wanted it; but on this day we knew that something else was going on.

Bessie sat between Anna and myself, trying to draw, and looking pale and nervous. Suddenly the door opened and Gilbert appeared.

"Bessie, will you come and see father?" he asked.

Bessie got up, shaking a little, and they went away together. Gilbert was looking pale and nervous, but not distressed. He had been waiting for some time, and he was now in a hurry to see father.

While they were gone, I told Anna what Bessie had said to me on the night before, and she took very grave. She said nothing; but I knew she feared, as I did, that some mystery must hide something unpleasant.

Bessie came back in half an hour, pink and tranquil; she seated herself, and made another heroic attempt at her drawing. Anna and I would not question her, but presently she said—

"Your father will not sanction our engagement, and he has just told me so. He said, 'He was so kind; he looked very dear; but he kissed me. He called me my dearie, just as he does Anna and you. And your mother was kinder still. She said, 'Heaven care for you, my dear!'"

She put down her pencils, and we kissed her very much moved by love and compassion.

She was to stay with us a month longer, she said. Our father was writing to Miss Parsons also, and mother had asked her to stop. The cloud almost cleared off as she told us this, and we began to feel hopeful.

We had other happy weeks. The children went back to school, and Eva returned home. Tom was obliged to resume his studies in London directly after the departure, and we were left a peaceful quartet, with only the babies to enliven us.

We were shocked when we saw the change in him. And, as for the disgrace, he had no objection to his going away for a week or two, and father said of course not. Gibbie wanted to think the matter over in quiet, away from me. He will go to Brighton to-day; do not notice his departure, my dears, or question him.

And we went away to talk things over sorrowfully, and to see Gibbie drive off with his head down, and without a good-bye to any of us except mother.

In a few days another letter arrived from Mr. Drevitt. He said father that Bessie Beale had come to see him late on the night she left us; that she had explained to him that she had come away of her own accord, and in spite of mother's entreaties, and that she had demanded an explanation in a manner that had left him no resource but to tell her all the spite of his pity and his disinclination. She had remained at his house for the night, solely because it was too late to go to an hotel—as she took care to explain—and the next day she had disappeared, without seeing any member of his family, and without saying whether she would ever return.

Poor Mr. Drevitt was evidently very unhappy. We sent his letter on to Gibbie, and he wrote back to say that he had later news of her—that he knew where she was, but that she had bound him over not to tell, and he could not promise not to seek her. He said he would come home at the beginning of the next week and go on with his work. He had come to a decision, he said, which he would communicate to father and mother on his return.

We were shocked when we saw the change in him. And, as for the disgrace, he had no objection to his going away for a week or two, and father said of course not. Gibbie wanted to think the matter over in quiet, away from me. He will go to Brighton to-day; do not notice his departure, my dears, or question him.

And we went away to talk things over sorrowfully, and to see Gibbie drive off with his head down, and without a good-bye to any of us except mother.

In a few days another letter arrived from Mr. Drevitt. He said father that Bessie Beale had come to see him late on the night she left us; that she had explained to him that she had come away of her own accord, and in spite of mother's entreaties, and that she had demanded an explanation in a manner that had left him no resource but to tell her all the spite of his pity and his disinclination. She had remained at his house for the night, solely because it was too late to go to an hotel—as she took care to explain—and the next day she had disappeared, without seeing any member of his family, and without saying whether she would ever return.

Poor Mr. Drevitt was evidently very unhappy. We sent his letter on to Gibbie, and he wrote back to say that he had later news of her—that he knew where she was, but that she had bound him over not to tell, and he could not promise not to seek her. He said he would come home at the beginning of the next week and go on with his work. He had come to a decision, he said, which he would communicate to father and mother on his return.

also died in the course of the first year. He had been my dear friend at college, and committed to his unhappy little daughter to my care. He was himself penniless, but his wife's relatives, who had always disliked him, handed over to me sufficient funds to produce for Bessie an income of two hundred and fifty pounds a year. They were wealthy, ill-bred, purse-proud people, and stipulated that they should never see her again.

"Allow me to express my deep regret for the pain that all this will cause you and yours. Try to recognize the difficulty of the position to me. The girl is all she should be—how could I condemn her to isolation for life? I hoped weakly that some fortunate chance would save her. I need not, I think, beg you to deal kindly with her and withhold this story, if possible. I trust her feelings and what anguish for Gibbie and Bessie!—for we knew that Bessie had by this time compelled her guardian to tell her all."

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully, 'PAUL DREVITT.'"

Anna and I looked at mother, grieved and horror-stricken. Here indeed was grief for us all—and what anguish for Gibbie and Bessie!—for we knew that Bessie had by this time compelled her guardian to tell her all.

"Poor Bessie!" we cried, with tears. "And poor Gibbie!" sighed mother. "Does Bessie know?" asked Anna.

"Yes," he said, "she had no objection to his going away for a week or two, and father said of course not. Gibbie wanted to think the matter over in quiet, away from me. He will go to Brighton to-day; do not notice his departure, my dears, or question him."

And we went away to talk things over sorrowfully, and to see Gibbie drive off with his head down, and without a good-bye to any of us except mother.

In a few days another letter arrived from Mr. Drevitt. He said father that Bessie Beale had come to see him late on the night she left us; that she had explained to him that she had come away of her own accord, and in spite of mother's entreaties, and that she had demanded an explanation in a manner that had left him no resource but to tell her all the spite of his pity and his disinclination. She had remained at his house for the night, solely because it was too late to go to an hotel—as she took care to explain—and the next day she had disappeared, without seeing any member of his family, and without saying whether she would ever return.

Poor Mr. Drevitt was evidently very unhappy. We sent his letter on to Gibbie, and he wrote back to say that he had later news of her—that he knew where she was, but that she had bound him over not to tell, and he could not promise not to seek her. He said he would come home at the beginning of the next week and go on with his work. He had come to a decision, he said, which he would communicate to father and mother on his return.

We were shocked when we saw the change in him. And, as for the disgrace, he had no objection to his going away for a week or two, and father said of course not. Gibbie wanted to think the matter over in quiet, away from me. He will go to Brighton to-day; do not notice his departure, my dears, or question him.

And we went away to talk things over sorrowfully, and to see Gibbie drive off with his head down, and without a good-bye to any of us except mother.

In a few days another letter arrived from Mr. Drevitt. He said father that Bessie Beale had come to see him late on the night she left us; that she had explained to him that she had come away of her own accord, and in spite of mother's entreaties, and that she had demanded an explanation in a manner that had left him no resource but to tell her all the spite of his pity and his disinclination. She had remained at his house for the night, solely because it was too late to go to an hotel—as she took care to explain—and the next day she had disappeared, without seeing any member of his family, and without saying whether she would ever return.

Poor Mr. Drevitt was evidently very unhappy. We sent his letter on to Gibbie, and he wrote back to say that he had later news of her—that he knew where she was, but that she had bound him over not to tell, and he could not promise not to seek her. He said he would come home at the beginning of the next week and go on with his work. He had come to a decision, he said, which he would communicate to father and mother on his return.

We were shocked when we saw the change in him. And, as for the disgrace, he had no objection to his going away for a week or two, and father said of course not. Gibbie wanted to think the matter over in quiet, away from me. He will go to Brighton to-day; do not notice his departure, my dears, or question him.

And we went away to talk things over sorrowfully, and to see Gibbie drive off with his head down, and without a good-bye to any of us except mother.

In a few days another letter arrived from Mr. Drevitt. He said father that Bessie Beale had come to see him late on the night she left us; that she had explained to him that she had come away of her own accord, and in spite of mother's entreaties, and that she had demanded an explanation in a manner that had left him no resource but to tell her all the spite of his pity and his disinclination. She had remained at his house for the night, solely because it was too late to go to an hotel—as she took care to explain—and the next day she had disappeared, without seeing any member of his family, and without saying whether she would ever return.

Poor Mr. Drevitt was evidently very unhappy. We sent his letter on to Gibbie, and he wrote back to say that he had later news of her—that he knew where she was, but that she had bound him over not to tell, and he could not promise not to seek her. He said he would come home at the beginning of the next week and go on with his work. He had come to a decision, he said, which he would communicate to father and mother on his return.

We were shocked when we saw the change in him. And, as for the disgrace, he had no objection to his going away for a week or two, and father said of course not. Gibbie wanted to think the matter over in quiet, away from me. He will go to Brighton to-day; do not notice his departure, my dears, or question him.

And we went away to talk things over sorrowfully, and to see Gibbie drive off with his head down, and without a good-bye to any of us except mother.

In a few days another letter arrived from Mr. Drevitt. He said father that Bessie Beale had come to see him late on the night she left us; that she had explained to him that she had come away of her own accord, and in spite of mother's entreaties, and that she had demanded an explanation in a manner that had left him no resource but to tell her all the spite of his pity and his disinclination. She had remained at his house for the night, solely because it was too late to go to an hotel—as she took care to explain—and the next day she had disappeared, without seeing any member of his family, and without saying whether she would ever return.

Poor Mr. Drevitt was evidently very unhappy. We sent his letter on to Gibbie, and he wrote back to say that he had later news of her—that he knew where she was, but that she had bound him over not to tell, and he could not promise not to seek her. He said he would come home at the beginning of the next week and go on with his work. He had come to a decision, he said, which he would communicate to father and mother on his return.

We were shocked when we saw the change in him. And, as for the disgrace, he had no objection to his going away for a week or two, and father said of course not. Gibbie wanted to think the matter over in quiet, away from me. He will go to Brighton to-day; do not notice his departure, my dears, or question him.

And we went away to talk things over sorrowfully, and to see Gibbie drive off with his head down, and without a good-bye to any of us except mother.

was, he hoped, saved. But they could not leave her, of course. Mother must give him for staying away so long, and must be prepared to receive Bessie too, when he and Gilbert came. They could not leave her weak, alone, and heart-broken in a strange country. The rest of the letter was filled with reports of the sister's praises of Bessie. Father thought they might perhaps begin their journey home in three weeks, but it of course depended on the progress of Bessie's convalescence.

Mother wrote at once to father, and enclosed a little note for Bessie, saying that she was longing to have her back again, and begging her to get well enough to travel early; we should soon make her strong at the Grange.

At last, at the beginning of February, they came home. Gilbert sprang joyfully from the hired close carriage which had brought them from the station. Then father got out, carefully supporting what looked like a bundle of shawls. Was that white worn face, with its great sad brown eyes, Bessie's? I hardly knew her.

Mother had come down, and she had the poor child carried into the sitting-room, where she put upon a couch and petted, caressed, and fed till she was fit to walk up stairs. She looked round the room with eager eyes, and her face quivered. Then Gilbert, who was standing behind her couch, stooped over and kissed her solemnly on the forehead; and we knew that all was well, and that father had yielded.

"Yes," he said, talking it over later, "Bessie is as good as gold, and she has been tried like gold. I still think my general principle the right one; but this is an exceptional case. And, as for the disgrace," he went on, with a slight painful quiver of the lip—"why, we are so many and so strong that we can well bear Bessie's burden amongst us!"—and he ended with a smile.

By dint of careful and continued nursing, Bessie got well. But she was long time to put off till the following Christmas.

and saw the Dolly. none other. drenched ander out, while her whom they I thanked re them all, neighbors, the nights bear to live hen I heard e road—the er than a

Jenny and I were girls together. Far in a little country town, Headless of dark or sunny weather, Headless of fortune's smile or frown.

Like as birds when the flowers were many We lived our lives of frolicsome glee; Never a secret had I from Jenny, Never a secret had she from me.

Once we stood where the corn was glowing, Flashed by the kites of the setting sun, We heard the crows in the farm-yard lowing, And felt that the gladness day was done.

And through the fields came a figure stately— The neighbors call him handsome Rob, And he bowed lowly and sweetly, And somehow my heart gave a rapturous thro.

Looks for me he had scarcely any— Was ever passion like mine so sad? For Robert had eyes for only Jenny, And Jenny would hardly notice the lad.

But a stranger touched me on the shoulder, That Jenny loved I well could see; And his whispered words but made me colder— Alas, he had words for only me.

Ah, our path would be fair with flowers— The birds would sing and the skies would shine— If Will was only your lover, Jenny, And handsome Rob was mine, not thine!

But since that night—the years are many— And almost a pair of old maids are we— Still I've a secret I keep from Jenny, And she has a secret she keeps from me.

A Great City of Cliff Dwellers.

During the past season a remarkable discovery of an ancient cliff city, 60 miles long, was made by Mr. James Stephenson, the leader of the Archaeological Exploring Expedition to New Mexico and Arizona, under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Stephenson tells the *Tribune* that for 60 miles along the face of a winding cliff, except where the elements had cut them away, the canon walls had been carved out like swallows' nests, and the cave dwellings extended two, three, four, and sometimes five rows, one above another.

Mr. Stephenson examined this deserted city during several days, personally visiting portions distant 45 miles from each other, and discovering with his glass that the excavations extended 15 or 20 miles further on.

By far the greater number are inaccessible, but many of the old paths, worn many inches deep by the feet of the ancients who dwell there, are intact, and by them the explorer mounted to the old dwellings. There was a marked similarity in the form and construction of these excavations. There was only one aperture, which served for door, window, and chimney. The single room had an oval roof, which bore the grooves made by the flint axes or axes of the excavators. The method of digging or carving out these caves was disclosed by the form and direction of the grooves, which were usually parallel to each other and several inches apart, while between, as shown by the rough surface of the stone, the remaining substance had been broken off. There were fireplaces at the rear, but no place of exit for the smoke except the single aperture in front. Many of the dwellings had side or rear excavations of small size, within some of which cornucopia and beans were found, evidently left by chance inhabitants of a later period. Near the roof of many of the caves there were mortices, projecting from which in some instances there were discovered the decayed ends of wooden sleepers. These were of a kind of wood not recognizable as a present growth of the locality, and unknown to the explorers. Specimens were brought away to be examined and classified by naturalists. In the sides of some dwellings there were found small recesses, evidently used as cupboards for the household utensils of the family. The substance of the cliff was tufa, a volcanic ash quite soft and easily worked by the rude implements of the old builders.

Upon the top of the Mesa or tableland above these caves there were found large circular structures, now in ruins, but with walls to the height of ten or twelve feet still standing. They were evidently places of worship. They were built of square stones of nearly uniform size, about twenty inches in length by six inches in width and four in thickness, cut from the cliff. Measurements were made of two of these structures, one of which was 100 and the other 200 feet in diameter, and might have held from 1,000 to 2,000 people. The inference that these were places of worship is drawn from the fact that the Pueblos of the present day, who are fire and sun worshipers, have similar temples. No remains of altars were found, which fact is doubtless to be explained by the exposed situation and the soft materials probably used in the construction of such furniture. The southern end of this cave city, which seemed to have been the most densely populated, presented many evidences of art and industry. This locality is more broken, and offers a better chance for successful resistance to the assaults of an enemy. There were found many animal forms carved out of stone. In one place there were two life-sized mountain lions, animals which are still peculiar to that region. There are also to be seen many smaller forms, so much worn away that it cannot be determined what they were designed to represent. Upon standing walls in this neighborhood are many hieroglyphics, which from their resemblance to the picture writing of the living Pueblos, may, Mr. Stephenson thinks, be partially, if not entirely, deciphered. The great age of this city is proved by the vast accumulation of debris from the upper portion of the cliff, which covers its base. In places where mountain brooks have cut their

way through, the existence of one and sometimes two rows of cave dwellings below the surface of the debris is disclosed. Mr. Stephenson thinks that several centuries have passed since this dead city was in its prime.

The Swiss Mountaineer.

One who has never seen it can never possibly imagine what the life of the Swiss mountaineer actually is. He lives in narrow gorges between mountains covered with eternal snows. His winters are eight months; his summers four months long; he has no spring and no autumn. He lives in a small rude structure, half house, half stable, close to the torrent that rushes down his valley. He or his ancestors have terraced a few lilliputian patches, and on their backs brought soil to them, which year by year he fertilizes with manure scraped from the roads, and which produce for him at the best only a few potatoes. He owns a few goats, a few sheep, and two or three cows; for the winter food of these he employs half his summer in bringing on his back from little and almost inaccessible grass plots above him a supply of hay; so short and fine does it grow in those latitudes and so close to the rocks that one might call it moss. The other half of his summer is consumed in gathering fuel for the winter. His wife and children meanwhile cultivate the potatoes and other scanty vegetables, and tend the flocks. He barely exists, he does not live. His battle for existence is with the elements, with the most inhospitable condition of nature, and it is a constant battle, and a battle which, when won, yields him but a bare existence, compelled by vigilant and ceaseless labor from cold and ice, rocks and barrenness, and all this under the ever-impending peril of avalanches, land slides and floods. And now a flood comes, and his flocks, his fuel, his food for flocks and family, the very paths and roads by which he had procured a part of these, and the very soil where the rest had grown, are in a night swept away. The value in money of what he has lost may not be more than one or two hundred dollars, but deprived of it he is left a hopeless beggar. Unless he forsakes his family and goes to the cities, to which he is a stranger, there is left to him not even the opportunity of utilizing his labor. He can earn nothing. The very roads by which he would go forth, even the steep paths by which he was wont to procure fuel, are destroyed. Moreover, winter is setting in—a season always hard for him to endure. Nor has he any hopes of next year's summer; his all is gone, and the possibility and hope of regaining it is also gone. The means taken by the citizens and authorities of Switzerland for giving succor to those made destitute by inundations or avalanches are very creditable to the Swiss character. The communities and cantons upon which such a calamity has been visited appropriate liberally from the public funds, and in response to their appeals subscriptions and appropriations from public moneys are made by the other cantons. Late statistics show that during the last 100 years the storms and inundations have been constantly increasing in frequency and violence. The fact is ascribed to several causes, the principal one, however, being the constant deforestation of the mountains, which has been carried on for many years. For centuries each generation has gone a little higher, or a little wider for fuel and lumber, and so contributed to denude the mountains. To the same cause, doubtless, may be attributed the increasing number and severity of the floods and hurricanes that have so devastated many of our western states, and if some protection is not given our wooded lands, these ravages of the past will prove to be but the beginning of sorrows. We believe that in several of the Swiss cantons the laws now prohibit the cutting down of a tree, large or small, without the planting of another the same season.

The Dummy Enemy.

"Archibald, my boy," said old Mr. Diffendorfer, the rich commission merchant, the other day, as he called his son into his private office, "my dear boy, I have just executed the deed by which I retire from business to-day, and leave you sole active partner in the wealthiest house on the coast. Naturally you expect me to give you some timely counsel for your future business guidance."

"Keerret!" replied young D., who was a member of the Bohemian Club, and knew it all.

"You probably suppose that I wish to enjoin upon you frugality, temperance, integrity and punctuality as the sure means of success. Not at all. Those virtues are all very well for the copy-book, but the only real requisite to success in life—especially in this State—is a really good re-circulating dummy enemy."

"A what?" queried the scion of the house of D., as he put his feet on the desk and lit another cigarette.

"Why, a first class, bitter, unrelenting dummy enemy. Something like my dear old friend Guffey, for instance."

"Why, I thought you were down on that man the worst way?"

"That's just the point—that's just the joke of it," said old D., with a chuckle. "Fourteen years ago I met Guffey on the steamer coming round here from New York. We had both had in trade, I in Boston, he in Philadelphia; both of us fairly driven out of business by the usual slanders, jealousies, and underhand defamations peculiar to—well, to everywhere."

"Why didn't you go into partnership?" asked the junior.

"I'll tell you. After talking the matter over, Guffey and I agreed that the only way for a man with small capital to get along was to have some trusted friend on the outside who would keep him posted as to the doings of his enemies. Some one whom they would talk to, don't you understand?"

"I catch on," remarked the youth.

"So we concluded to act as each other's dummy enemy. And from the day that we stepped off the steamer down at the wharf, Guffey and I have never spoken to each other except on the 1st and 15th of each month when I visit him in disguise to compare notes."

"Well, by Jove!"

"It's a fact, though. Every time my enemies—and every body has them; they sorter grow somehow—put up a job on me, or lie about me, or try to injure me in any way, they go to Guffey and attempt to rope him into the plot. He sympathizes with them; says I'm the most infernal old wretch unliving, and then sits down and writes me the particulars. Good scheme that, eh?" and the old merchant laughed until he was black in the face.

"Well, I should smile," grinned the other.

"Of course, I do the same for Guffey. Why, I can't tell how many thousands times I've scowled at him on the street and remarked to whoever I walking with: 'There's that miserable scoundrel, Guffey. Look at the airs he puts on because he is rich. I'd like to break his assally head with a club.'"

"Was Guffey rich then?"

"Why, no; of course not, at first. It was a part of our scheme, don't you see, to brace up each other's credit under the cover of abuse. For instance, I'd apply for a big discount at some bank, and the cashier would slip around to Guffey for information, knowing he'd give away all my weak points. Guffey would scowl, and say, 'Well, I suppose the old villain is solid enough, but a man who'd turn his mother-in-law out of doors on a cold winter night. The old beast! I wonder they haven't tarred and feathered Diffendorfer years ago. They say his grandmother is in the poor-house. With all his money, too; just think!'"

"And does that help you?"

"Why, certainly. A bank cashier doesn't care for grandmothers. What he is after is stingy old capitalists, and other Muldoons. Why, Guffey once borrowed \$50,000 because I privately told McLane that G. had swindled the government on a half-million contract. Mac had him up to dinner the very next day. Think over what I have said, my dear boy, and go thou and do likewise."

And, promising to look carefully around up at the club, which was crum full of dummies of all kinds, young Diffendorfer diverged into his ulster and hastened to get up to Kearney street before the matinee let out.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Herman's New Year.

Among the many persons who made calls on New Year's day was Herman Hoffenstein, the clerk, and, like many, he imbibed so much egg-nog and other strong beverages that he sought his domicile about midnight in an exceedingly muddled condition, having a very imperfect recollection of what transpired during the day. He went to bed and dreamed that he was a bow-legged champagne bottle on a howling drunk, and the next morning he went down to the store and was greeted by Hoffenstein with an angry look.

"Herman," said Hoffenstein, after a painful silence, and in a voice trembling with anger, "you wanted to get away from de store on New Year's day, and make calls mit ladies. I lets you go, you know, and tells you yil you was going around mit ladies to del del in a quiet sort a way dat we had shat got a new stock ut dings on hand. Vat did you do? You goes and gets more drunk den an owl und disgraces de whole ut de disness. You gets mit dot Meyer Dudenheim und Jake Schwartz, und ven you goes to Mrs. Geiselman's house, vat is von ut our best customers, you acts outrageous, you know."

"I didn't do nothing, Mister Hoffenstein," stammered Herman, "und I tells Mrs. Geiselman of de new stock vat we had, und—"

"Don't make any excuses mit me, Herman," Mrs. Geiselman dells my wife; dot you comes to her house und says 'set 'em up, old sunflower, you sweet old cherub,' und den you dells her to come down to de store und see de new English shoes, more as a yard long, vot vos made so dot ven she vears holes in de heels ut dem she can cut de feet part off, sew de two legs together und make a pair ut lants for her leetle poy. Vot sort ut pinness is dat, I would like to know?"

"Mister Hoffenstein, I—"

"Don't say a word, Herman; don't say a word. Von you vent to Mrs. Goslinsky's your coat vas split ut de back, und ven dot you found you, you vas crawling de whole gallery offer looking for de door-bell, und ven you left de house you put a cigar-stump in de card-basket und tries get on an umbrella, dinking it vos an overcoat. Dot was de way you disgraced de store, und if you don't let visky alone you will be like old Jack Simpson vas in Vicksburg. Dot man keeps on drinking visky und he haf de horrors all de time, und vonce I saw him walk around de streets for dees days trying all de vile to steal his own socks away from himself. Von day in de vinter he sits down in a store on a can ut turpentine vat was leaking und gets his pants all wet mit it, den he goes und stands by a red hot stove to varm himself, und de next minute a fire, you know, breaks out in de rear of his building. Simpson started out ut de store in a full run, und dat vas de last time any one offer sees him about de place. All dot de people could find out vas dot he traveled toward de East, because he set de dry grass in a couple ut old fields on fire, und burn de woods up. Dink ut, Herman, und vile you vos dinking ut it you had better abolish mit Mrs. Geiselman; if you don't you vill haf to leave de pinness, you know."—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

VARIETIES.

Some years ago there lived in the "Old North State" two men who had been great friends, but who had "fell out," and refused to speak to each other. One day they met by chance in Raleigh, the county town, and Sheriff A., a mutual friend, prevailed on them to "make friends" and shake hands. After this, all hands repaired to the nearest saloon to drown all recollections of the unpleasant affair, and, just as the glasses were raised, Sheriff A., who was a man of stentorian lungs, stormed into the ear of Farmer L. (one of the reconciled, and who was as deaf as a post), "Hold on, Mr. Lilly—Mr. Penny (the other reconciled) is going to drink a toast."

The glasses were held in position to be tipped at the proper moment, when Mr. Penny, thinking to have some sport at the expense of his deaf neighbor, said:

"Here's wishing you were in Hades, you blanked old scoundrel!"

Old man Lilly was not to be outdone in politeness, and though he had not heard a single word that was uttered, he replied at once:

"The same to you, Mr. Penny, and all your family."

This created such a laugh among the bystanders that explanations had to be made to old man Lilly, and instead of the breach being closed between the two it was made wider. But "the same to you, and all your family," is still a well-known reply in that locality.

LECTURES on science or writers connected with agriculture should avoid scientific terms as much as possible, or otherwise explain them. A good story is told of P. T. Barnum, who, having attended an agricultural lecture, where the speaker was very lavish in his praises of marlate of soda as a fertilizer, went in the morning and ordered several tons to be sent to his farm, which in due time was delivered. His farmer opened one of the casks with the intention of applying it, and was not a little surprised with its familiar appearance, and on tasting it, was satisfied that its appearance did not belie it, for it was common salt. He started for Mr. Barnum, and, accosted him in the following manner, "Mr. Barnum, what did you say that stuff was that came yesterday?" "Marlate of soda," "Marlate of soda!" said the farmer, "It's no thing but salt." "Nonsense," said Mr. Barnum, "It is marlate of soda." "Mr. Barnum, come and see for yourself." He went, he saw and tasted it, and declared it to be the greatest fraud ever perpetrated. He started for the city, and went directly to the dealer from whom it was bought, and asked what the stuff was that he had sent him. Their reply was "Marlate of soda, as ordered." "It is a mistake, for it is nothing but common salt." Then, for the first time, he learned that common salt and marlate of soda are one and the same thing.

A PROFESSOR of English literature in a Western University recently got his metaphors as badly mixed as did the M. P. who made the famous speech: "I smell a rat; see him in the air, but mark me, we shall yet nip him in the bud. The professor, speaking of the Jews says:

"The simoon of the desert is not so fierce as the hatred in his strong heart which he has been forced to smother. He has read well the law of Moses, 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' And the humiliations of a life-time, the tracks of a tiger for a moment, by a strange chance, has a persecutor within his grasp. As he crouches for an instant before the final spring, to whet upon his shoe-sole that merciless blade, I seem to see in the flash of his dark eye a light that is not utterly devilish. It is that of revenge. But, then, revenge is distorted justice." A bright periodical called *Palette Scrapings*, published by the students of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, with breezy-looking sketches which do credit to their instruction, prints the foregoing passage with a laughable caricature of "How it looks when illustrated," showing the tiger whetting "that merciless blade upon his shoe-sole."

OPPOSITE the residence of Poll's owner there were some buildings in course of erection, and the men at the top of the scaffold were in the habit of calling to those below for such material as they wanted: "More brick," "More mortar," and so on.

In a very short time Poll had these terms by heart, as well as the gruff tone in which they were uttered. No sooner did the Irish laborer relieve himself of a load than the everlasting cry: "More mortar!" assailed his ears. He bore it with exemplary patience till the mortar-board at the top of the scaffold was piled, but again the order for "More mortar!" was given. Then, to the delight of the parrot's master, who was standing by, the man flung down his hod, and making a speaking-trumpet of his hands, bawled to the bricklayer above:

"Is it mor-tar mad that ye are? Sure a man may have as many legs as a centerpig (counterpiede) to wait on the likes of 'ye!"

A FIREMAN, who was accused of being late at a fire, was excused by the commissioners at the last meeting, because he explained that somebody had changed his shoes. Anybody who understands the system of quick dressing in an engine house will see that this was a very funny practical joke on a new hand.

When the men go to bed they stand their boots by the bedside, with the ends of their pantaloons sticking in the boot tops; so that when the alarm sounds and they spring out of bed, they jump right into both pantaloons and boots, and are dressed in just no time at all. A new fireman, only a few days in the department, finding the wrong foot in the wrong boot, and seeing the engine flying out of the house while he was making them right again, would be in a fine state of mind.

ONCE upon a time a farmer visited an old acquaintance who had grown rich and was living in the highest style in New York city. On his return home the neighbors of course asked how their old associate was getting along. Inquiries about his health and wealth were answered very satisfactorily till some one asked what he was doing. The farmer's countenance took on a troubled expression. "That was one thing I could not make out and didn't like. They seemed to have plenty of money and fine things enough, but from all I could see they appeared to be keeping a negro boarding-house!"

OLD AUNT SUKEY, who lives on Austin Avenue, is known to be the stingiest woman in the city. Old Mose cut up a load of tough oak wood for her a few days ago, and she refused to pay him more than a quarter, about half the usual price. "Aunt Sukey," said Mose, "I wish you had been in de garden ob Eden instead ob Ebe." "What do you mean, Uncle Mose?" "Nuffin," "cept you are so stingy, ef you had been Ebe yer would hab cut de hull apple yerself, an' not gib Adam none, and he would hab escaped de cuse."

The sisterhood of neat women quote the Apostle as saying "cleanliness is next to godliness," but it is an open question whether the cleanliness to which the inspired writer alluded is typified by rinsing the weekly wash through three waters, or scouring a copper tea-kettle to serve the purpose of a reflector. Perhaps it may be nearer the Divine intent to say that the cleanliness which is to follow hard upon

Chaff.

A piece of bark in a sausage suggested to a Philadelphia inquirer for the rest of the dog.

There are no pumps where the coconut grows; which perhaps accounts for the milk in it.

Why is the loser of money by the drop game like the man who wags his dog? He usually has to "whistle for it."

A youthful granger, about to be chastised by his father, called upon his grandfather to protect him from the middle man.

A Massachusetts small boy at Sunday school gravely quoted Solomon: "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is just like his mother."

Several brothers recently got into a quarrel over a pie, and the little one felt less kindly toward the biggest, who took his part, than he did toward any of the others.

"What place, sir, if you please?" said Count Muttonhead to a small boy on Fifth Avenue, pointing to a policeman's "Oh, that," said the boy, "that's a feed store."

She (of a literary turn). "Doesn't this remind you of a lawn fete under Louis XIV?" He (matter of fact). "Beg pardon, that was rather before my time, you know."

"Will My Darling Come Again?" is the title of a poem sent in by Marion Howard. We don't know, Marion, but you might send him word that the dog is tied up—and see.

A Chicago drummer fell through a bridge at Des Moines and broke his leg while trying to flirt with a calico dress hung on a clothes-line. Even the masher has his hour for sorrow.

"It is not right to spoil a golden wedding," was the ground on which a Missouri judge recently refused a divorce in a case where the parties had lived together forty-nine years.

"Et de descendants ob the rooster what crowed at Peter was ter make a noise ebery time a he is told, dar would be such a noise in de world dat yer couldn't heah de hens cackle."

A while ago a party of lynchers, down South, postponed the hanging five minutes to allow the victim time to finish smoking a cigar. This proves that the use of tobacco prolongs life.

He was sitting in the parlor with her when a rooster crows in the yard, and, leaning over, he said: "Chanticleer, I wish you would," she replied, "I'm sleepy as I can be."

"No change at Albany," said Mrs. Spiffkins, reading the headline of the newspaper, "I should think they'd get out of change. I hear of their introducing bills all the time. 'Spose they'll have to use postage stamps agin."

"I couldn't come home earlier, darling, exclaimed Harry, in an unsteady voice; 'been taking stock, you know.' She looked at him and said: 'Harry, you may have been taking stock, but I take none in your store.'

A person overheard two countrymen, who were observing a naturalist in the field collecting insects, say one to another: "What's that fellow doing? 'Harry, you may have been taking stock, but I take none in your store.'

Two little girls, aged four and six years, had just had new dresses, and were on their way to Sunday school. Said Etta, the elder: "Oh, I have forgotten my dress." "I haven't forgotten mine," replied the other. "It is, Blessed are the dressmakers!"

"This butter, Mr. Spicer," said the dealer, "carried off the prize at the farmers' fair," and both spat out a taste of the compound and remarked: "Unless the prize was a ship's anchor and chain cable, I should think the butter could have carried it off easily."

A witty French actress, who is soon to be married to a tragedian, was recently receiving the congratulations of some friends, whom she suddenly interrupted by saying: "But don't you think I must be possessed of great courage to marry a man whose name is 'Bonne nuit'?"

The Household.

THE VICE OF NEATNESS.

A. H. J.'s "fine frenzy" after her return from the "Neat Woman's Convention," which she attended, was the natural reaction which follows "too much of a good thing." Here were a number of neighbors collected for a sociable afternoon, and all they could find to talk about was their domestic processes and duties, and this not in the way of simplifying and making less irksome, or gaining new information, but as a sort of Cleanly Chorale, in which each sang a psalm to her own neatness!

Now, neatness is certainly a great virtue in a woman. A tidy, well ordered house is far more pleasant than its antipode, but there is such a thing as carrying even a virtue to such an excess that it becomes a vice. There are many women who will read these lines who are addicted to the "vice of cleanliness." They wage a crusade against dirt, renewed every morning and continued until evening, which takes both mental and physical energy, to the entire exclusion of any outside demands. A woman who is forever in a fliget over possible dirt, who will spend a half hour of a rare June day in chasing a solitary fly out of her dining room, as I have known one to do, and afterward boast of it as if it were a deed to be emulated, is a very uncomfortable person to live with, especially if one rather feels inclined to do battle for the fly. It would be, for me, hard to choose between the very neat and the very careless housekeeper, were I dependent on either, but I believe, for sweet peace's sake, I should incline to the happy-go-lucky sister; her inattention would be more grateful and more easily endured than the continued fretting of the over particular woman, for I grieve to say that I have yet to see that excessively neat housekeeper who does not fret. Many a young wife, emulous of household arts, has allowed her laudable ambition to excel in them to develop into the ruling passion of her life, and in so doing has banished both love and happiness from her home, taking instead unwearying toil and absorbing cares, which have silenced laughter and made herself and her husband prematurely old, grave and careworn. A man needs to feel that he has some rights in his home, that it was made for him, not that he is tolerated there on condition that he don't track the floor, or hang up his hat on the wrong peg; and nothing so quickly destroys the feeling of home comfort and love of home in a man's heart as a wife eternally following him up with remonstrances and a dust cloth.

The sisterhood of neat women quote the Apostle as saying "cleanliness is next to godliness," but it is an open question whether the cleanliness to which the inspired writer alluded is typified by rinsing the weekly wash through three waters, or scouring a copper tea-kettle to serve the purpose of a reflector. Perhaps it may be nearer the Divine intent to say that the cleanliness which is to follow hard upon

READING ALOUD.

It is not given to all of us to be skillful musicians, accomplished linguists, or possessed of those wonderful voices never met with outside of romances, which thrill the soul of every listener, but there is one accomplishment by no means to be despised, which may be attained by nearly all of us. It is the art of reading aloud. The number of good readers is as small as that of good singers; yet the natural gifts required are much fewer; one needs only a quick eye, a correct pronunciation, and sufficient command of the voice to moderate it to suit the sentiment of the text.

As an aid in making home pleasant, I know nothing more valuable. The boy who is interested in some book which is being read for his benefit as well as that of the rest of the family, is not going to leave a warm fire and a pan of rosy-cheeked apples to whistle pine knots or thumb a pack of greasy cards in a neighbor's kitchen. "Here's metal more attractive." I can picture no brighter scene of domestic happiness than the cozy sitting room, with its bright lights, and the family gathered about the fire, the mother perhaps "making" and the children sewing or knitting, the father enjoying his evening "pipe of peace," while all listen as one of the number reads aloud the weekly papers, or some volume in which all are interested.

Such reading is an excellent educator also. A person will be surprised at discovering how many words he will find in an evening's reading, which are familiar by sight and of which he knows the meaning, but about which he is in doubt as to the proper pronunciation; the long or short a, the syllable to accent, will cause many a reference to that requisite of every well regulated family, Webster's Unabridged. To read aloud tends very much to the knowledge and understanding of good English. Mrs. Malaprop would never have talked of the "nice derangement of epitaphs," like an allegory on the banks of the Nile, had she been in the habit of reading aloud to the lovely Lydia Langshush. Many a man who says just what he does not mean, with an innocence truly infantile, through the transposition of a syllable which alters the meaning of a word, would avoid such ludicrous blunders, in the familiarity gained with language while reading for the benefit of others.

Those not in the habit do not know how much more enjoyable a book becomes when thus shared with a circle of sympathetic auditors, alert to catch a recalcitrant meaning, or to smile in recognition of some quaint conceit or pretty fancy of the author. To me it seems almost as selfish for one member of a family to sit absorbed in some delightful volume while the others lounge idly, half bored, thoroughly envious, through a long winter evening, as to "take the whole charge" of a box of confectionery or a dish of nuts and oranges, and eat them all in sight of the others, without offering to "whack up."

Let those then who cannot sing or play for the entertainment of the world at large, recollect that by cultivating their "one talent" they can add much to the happiness of what is, after all, to every true heart, the dearest spot on earth, the home circle.

ANOTHER DOSE FROM DOC.

If my assertion relative to the one ambition of the girl of the period need backing, the letters of your Strong Minded Girl, and One of the Girls afford it. For each and every argument, reduced to its

godliness has reference more to purity of heart and soul, cleanliness in moral life, than to either personal ablutions or over much scrubbing.

I have known many notably neat women, who prided themselves upon their neatness as one of their cardinal virtues, and who expected to be unhappy in Heaven unless provided with ample facilities for doing the celestial washings (with three rinsings), but I never knew one, nor do I believe there ever was one, who, however nice and finical she might be in many respects, had not some "dirty streaks."

One, who fretted herself into an untimely grave in the endeavor to keep a separate dish-cloth for every class of dishes and never get them "mixed," allowed her cellar to become a receptacle for decaying vegetables, and wondered why her "butter tasted so!" Another, who delighted to have warmed-up potatoes for supper when she had company, that she might spread her table with a white damask cloth, and set her iron "spider" upon it, to convince her horrified guests that the outside was as pure as the inside, would refresh herself with sundry pinches of snuff, and slice the potatoes between sneezes, as it were; while yet another, who insisted that her pantry shelves and every dish upon them should be dusted daily, and must have the inside of the screws of her lamps wiped every day, made her beds before breakfasts, utterly ignoring the necessity of airing either bedding or bed-rooms; and mind you, every blessed woman considered herself the champion light weight neat woman of the county.

These are instances of what may be termed "one-sided development." The mind is allowed to run in one channel until the brain is affected, a chain of thought becomes abnormal by reason of the undue prominence accorded it, and the result is that the victim becomes a monomaniac on the subject of neatness. This is what it amounts to. Monomania is derangement of a single faculty of the mind, or with respect to a particular subject, and monomania is a certain form of insanity.

If A. H. J. could have "stemmed the tide," and diverted the minds of some of these painstaking ladies into unaccustomed channels by introducing a few of her own bright thoughts on other topics, who knows what she might have done toward the suppression of incipient insanity? But I submit it would have been no slight undertaking, and that to reform a woman who habitually washes her paper-rags, would be a task as hopeless as the one Merlin set for Satan. One can only quote: "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." BEATRICE.

A CLOVER LEAF.

A. L. L., your welcome I cherish, as it as far as in me lies, accept your cordial invitation to remain with you in the Household. But from E. L. N's last, you must have gathered tidings of the arrival of my "Nother new baby!" as Guy, (our third boy, exclaimed in wide eyed wonder next morning. Ah, these first! And when I tell you that they all have had whooping cough this winter, you will understand that we have had music by the band, and no shirking. Theodore Thomas may produce something grander in the shape of a concert, but I defy him to get up anything "grater." All the big choruses are ended at last, and now I will just inform you that I would not give a ten cent piece with a hole in it, for a Pullman Palace car full of men who must be unceasingly bathed in "moonshine," and doped with opiates from the orthodox "By your leave, sir," and "Meet him with a smile;" medicine chest, in order to keep them from turning into Bluebeards or Sots.

KATE CLOVER.

Useful Recipes.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—Take a quart of cranberries, look them over carefully, put them into plenty of cold water, and set on the stove where the water will heat slowly. When the water has become nearly hot enough to scald, and before the berries begin to "pop," turn it off, and pour on sufficient boiling water to cook them. Do not add the sugar until the berries are quite done. This preliminary scalding removes the disagreeable acid or acrid taste common to all but the best Cape Cod article.

CRANBERRY PIE.—After preparing the berries for pies, throw them into hot water, allowing them to remain there for five or ten minutes. Skim them out, and after they are cold, cut all the largest of them in two, or chop them slightly in your chopping bowl. Each pie will require half or two-thirds of a tea-cupful of water, according to the size of the baking-tin, and a heaping cupful of white sugar, with a sprinkle of flour, to thicken the juice. The secret of making good fruit pies lies, in no small part, in the baking. Three quarters of an hour, with a slow fire, is none too long for cranberry pies.

chemicals is a "Peep, peep this way, peep, peep that way;" this way, that way, peeping for the men."

Against this I enter no protest. Upon it I make no comment, only—Tis natural! water seeks its level. Woman was created for man, and if Mahomet neglects or declines to go to his mountain, his mountain will, naturally enough, make a fool of herself chasing around in one way or another after him.

There is that, though, against which do protest. It was my leading thought in writing my first article, but either I failed to label it No. 1, or the matrimonial craze of your writers has caused their dazed minds to entirely lose sight of it in their wild goose chase after a sentimental ignis fatuus.

It is the puny, wishy-washy health and strength of wives and mothers, present and to be. This is unnatural, inhuman, criminal! The girl who takes her "exercise" on a music stool, clawing the ivory and squalling like a hen with a grass blade in her throat, and in an upholstered chair, with a crocheted hook, an embroidery needle or a sensation novel in her hand, is a sorry travesty on the joys of wifehood and motherhood. Herself a perpetual invalid—her offspring nipped in the bud—or if it survive—frailer than the flower of grass!

Therefore, I say, girls, away with carloads of those organs and pianos, and with ninety-nine one-hundredths of the rest of your esthetic tom-follies. In place of these have good fleet saddle horses of your own, and ride them, until you could carry off honors in a steeple chase; and help mother, no—let mother help you in the dairy and laundry, the store room, pantry and kitchen, and all through the house; and if a neighbor needs help, count it no more a disgrace to go and do her housework, than to go and sew for her. Read instructive and wholesome books, and keep posted in current events, characters, and the general views of the day. Thus, steadily developing the matchless charms of health, strength, intelligence and usefulness, you will soon cease to sentimentalize over the possibility of losing a chance to marry some contemptible puppy because your hands as well as your brain, heart, soul and body hang out the sign of true greatness—and ability to help both yourselves and others. The tables will turn, Mahomet will seek the mountain, and—mark my selfishness—there will be fewer big bills to be paid. Doc.

READING ALOUD.

It is not given to all of us to be skillful musicians, accomplished linguists, or possessed of those wonderful voices never met with outside of romances, which thrill the soul of every listener, but there is one accomplishment by no means to be despised, which may be attained by nearly all of us. It is the art of reading aloud. The number of good readers is as small as that of good singers; yet the natural gifts required are much fewer; one needs only a quick eye, a correct pronunciation, and sufficient command of the voice to moderate it to suit the sentiment of the text.

As an aid in making home pleasant, I know nothing more valuable. The boy who is interested in some book which is being read for his benefit as well as that of the rest of the family, is not going to leave a warm fire and a pan of rosy-cheeked apples to whistle pine knots or thumb a pack of greasy cards in a neighbor's kitchen. "Here's metal more attractive." I can picture no brighter scene of domestic happiness than the cozy sitting room, with its bright lights, and the family gathered about the fire, the mother perhaps "making" and the children sewing or knitting, the father enjoying his evening "pipe of peace," while all listen as one of the number reads aloud the weekly papers, or some volume in which all are interested.

Such reading is an excellent educator also. A person will be surprised at discovering how many words he will find in an evening's reading, which are familiar by sight and of which he knows the meaning, but about which he is in doubt as to the proper pronunciation; the long or short a, the syllable to accent, will cause many a reference to that requisite of every well regulated family, Webster's Unabridged. To read aloud tends very much to the knowledge and understanding of good English. Mrs. Malaprop would never have talked of the "nice derangement of epitaphs," like an allegory on the banks of the Nile, had she been in the habit of reading aloud to the lovely Lydia Langshush. Many a man who says just what he does not mean, with an innocence truly infantile, through the transposition of a syllable which alters the meaning of a word, would avoid such ludicrous blunders, in the familiarity gained with language while reading for the benefit of others.

Those not in the habit do not know how much more enjoyable a book becomes when thus shared with a circle of sympathetic auditors, alert to catch a recalcitrant meaning, or to smile in recognition of some quaint conceit or pretty fancy of the author. To me it seems almost as selfish for one member of a family to sit absorbed in some delightful volume while the others lounge idly, half bored, thoroughly envious, through a long winter evening, as to "take the whole charge" of a box of confectionery or a dish of nuts and oranges, and eat them all in sight of the others, without offering to "whack up."

Let those then who cannot sing or play for the entertainment of the world at large, recollect that by cultivating their "one talent" they can add much to the happiness of what is, after all, to every true heart, the dearest spot on earth, the home circle.

ANOTHER DOSE FROM DOC.

If my assertion relative to the one ambition of the girl of the period need backing, the letters of your Strong Minded Girl, and One of the Girls afford it. For each and every argument, reduced to its

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A. H. J.'s "fine frenzy" after her return from the "Neat Woman's Convention," which she attended, was the natural reaction which follows "too much of a good thing." Here were a number of neighbors collected for a sociable afternoon, and all they could find to talk about was their domestic processes and duties, and this not in the way of simplifying and making less irksome, or gaining new information, but as a sort of Cleanly Chorale, in which each sang a psalm to her own neatness!

Now, neatness is certainly a great virtue in a woman. A tidy, well ordered house is far more pleasant than its antipode, but there is such a thing as carrying even a virtue to such an excess that it becomes a vice. There are many women who will read these lines who are addicted to the "vice of cleanliness." They wage a crusade against dirt, renewed every morning and continued until evening, which takes both mental and physical energy, to the entire exclusion of any outside demands. A woman who is forever in a fliget over possible dirt, who will spend a half hour of a rare June day in chasing a solitary fly out of her dining room, as I have known one to do, and afterward boast of it as if it were a deed to be emulated, is a very uncomfortable person to live with, especially if one rather feels inclined to do battle for the fly. It would be, for me, hard to choose between the very neat and the very careless housekeeper, were I dependent on either, but I believe, for sweet peace's sake, I should incline to the happy-go-lucky sister; her inattention would be more grateful and more easily endured than the continued fretting of the over particular woman, for I grieve to say that I have yet to see that excessively neat housekeeper who does not fret. Many a young wife, emulous of household arts, has allowed

